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Away they all flew
To his home in the North.

MOTHER GOOSE
AND WHAT HAPPENED NEXT

by

Anna Marion Smith

Illustrated by

Reginald Birch

New York

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OLD WOMAN IN A SHOE

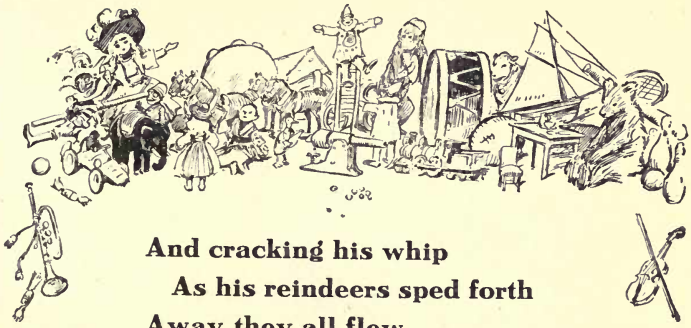
There was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children
She didn't know what
to do

OLD WOMAN IN A SHOE

She gave them some broth
Without any bread
And whipped them all soundly
And sent them to bed.

Now it happened that Santa Claus,
Passing that way,
Peeped into the shoe top
And saw how they lay,
With their round, rosy faces
All shining with tears,
And resolved to do something
To comfort the dears.

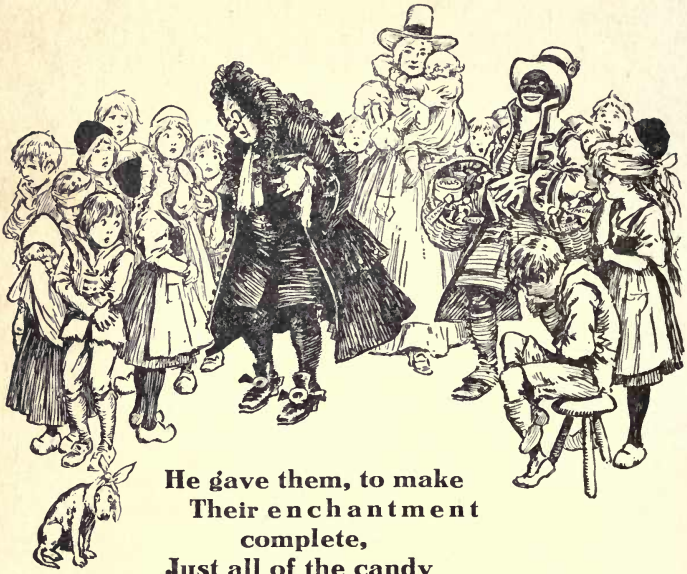
So while they were sleeping
In woful array,
He bundled those children
Right into his sleigh;



And cracking his whip
As his reindeers sped forth
Away they all flew
To his home in the North.

What wonders he showed them!
Such beautiful toys,
Such dolls for the girls,
And such drums for the boys!
Such farms and such stables,
Such monkeys and bears,
Such dishes and tables
And tiny doll's chairs!

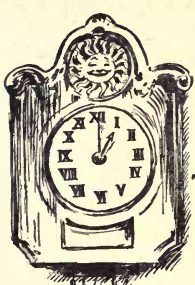
And when they had seen
All the wonderful things
Which each winter at Christmas
Dear Santa Claus brings,

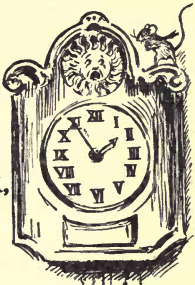


He gave them, to make
Their enchantment
complete,
Just all of the candy
And cake they could eat.

When they told of their travels,
Their mother, it seems,
Only laughed, and declared
They were nothing but dreams.
I 'm sure, though, things must
Have occurred as they say,
Else why were they all of them
Sick the next day ?

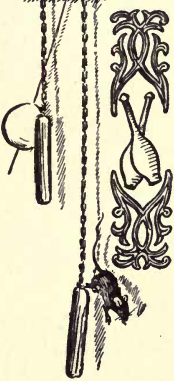
HICKORY, DICKORY, DOCK

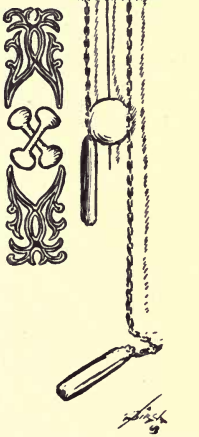




Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock,
The clock struck one,
And down he run,—
Hickory, dickory, dock.

Hickory,
dickory,
dock,
Again he tried the
clock,
This time,—don't
frown,—
The clock ran down!
Hickory, dickory,
dock.





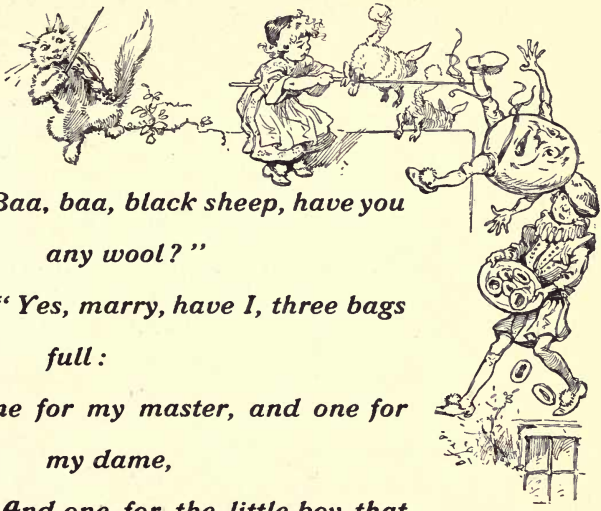
ROCK-A-BYE BABY

Rock-a-bye baby, in the tree top!
When the wind blows, the cradle will rock.
When the bough bends, the cradle will fall,
And down will come baby, bough, cradle,
and all.

Rock-a-bye baby, gently and slow!
Only the softest of breezes will blow,—
Tiny wind-children that pause in their flight
To sway the green branches, and whisper
"Good-night."

Rock-a-bye baby, safe in your nest!
The north wind, the south wind, the east,
and the west
Silently wait while the night shadows stay,
Then whisper "Good-morning," and
hasten away.

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP



"Baa, baa, black sheep, have you
any wool?"
"Yes, marry, have I, three bags
full:
One for my master, and one for
my dame,
And one for the little boy that
lives in our lane."

"Cluck, cluck, black hen, what have you for me?"
"A fine big egg, as any one can see.
Boil it, or fry it, or poach it in a ring,
And it will make a breakfast that is fit to serve a king."

"Honk, honk, gray goose, what can you supply?"

"As fine, downy feathers as money e'er can buy.

Put them in a pillow, and you will find it true

You'll sleep at night so soundly, a king might envy you."

Then they wondered what the boy could bring;

But, when they asked him, he didn't have a thing.

So they've decided,—the sheep, and hen, and goose,—

That little boys, upon the whole, are very little use.

THREE LITTLE MICE

Three little mice sat down to spin,

Pussy passed by and she peeped in.

"What are you doing, my fine little men?

Making coats for gentlemen?

Shall I come in and cut off your thread?"

"No, no, Miss Pussy, you'll bite off our head."

Three little mice indulged in dreams

Of punishing Pussy for all her schemes.

With heads together they whispered low,

Plotting their enemy's overthrow;

Then started valiantly, hand in hand,

To do the deed so carefully planned.

THREE LITTLE MICE

They waited till Pussy was
fast asleep,

Then round and round her did
softly creep,

Tossing their shuttles to and
fro,

Binding her fast from top to
toe;—

Over her body and under her
hair,

Winding her, binding her,
everywhere.

With pulses a-quiver and hearts a-quake

They waited together for Puss to wake;

And while the shivers ran through their fur

Beheld the proof that she couldn't stir.

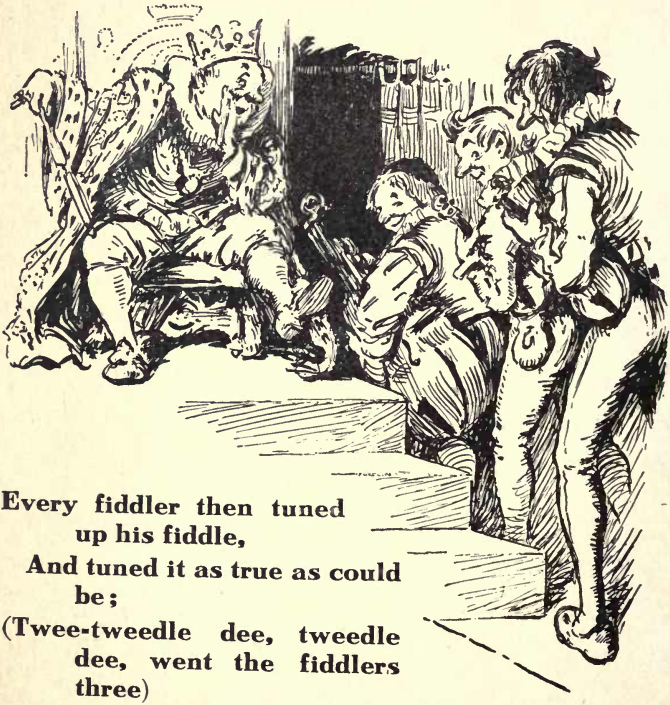
"Now, now, Miss Pussy," they gleefully said,

"You may, *if you're able,* cut off our
thread."

"Old King Cole was a merry old soul
And a merry old soul was he:
He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
Every fiddler had a fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he:
(Twee-tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers three)
Oh, there's none so rare as can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three!"

GOOD Queen Kate was his royal mate,
And a right royal mate was she:
She would frequently state that carousing till late
Was something that never should be.
But every fiddler had such a fine fiddle,—
Oh, such a fine fiddle had he,—
(Twee-tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers three)
That old King Cole in his inmost soul
Was as restive as he could be.

WHEN thus spoke she to his majesty
He planted his crown on tight.
"We will wait," whispered he to the fiddlers three,
"Till the Queen has retired for the night."



Every fiddler then tuned up his fiddle,
And tuned it as true as could be;
(Twee-tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers three)
While old King Cole got his pipe and his bowl,
And replenished them secretly.

SO gay they grew as the night hours flew,

He forgot how the time sped away;

Till swift overhead he heard the Queen's tread

As she sprang out of bed, when he hurriedly said

They might finish the tune the next day.

Every fiddler he had a fine fiddle,

And a very fine fiddle had he:

(Twee-tweedle dee, tweedle dee, went the fiddlers three)

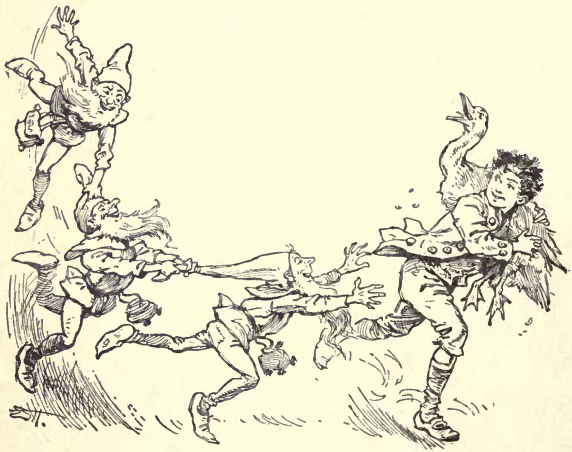
Oh, 't was not fair such a concert rare

Should be ended so suddenly!

JACK SPRAT

Jack Sprat could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean;
So 'twixt them both they cleared the cloth,
And licked the platter clean.

What meat remained, they then explained,
They always gave the cat,
I know—I do—some others who
Are generous like that.



A DILLER, A DOLLAR

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at ten o'clock,
But now you come at noon.

A diller, a dollar,
A ten o'clock scholar,
If thus you make things hum,
You'll get to school some yesterday,
And leave before you come.

MISTRESS MARY

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow,—
With silver bells, and cockle shells,
And pretty maids all in a row?

My garden bears, sir, many cares, sir;
I work in it long and late;
For pretty maids in flowery shades
Are troublesome things to keep straight.

Night descending brings no ending,—
No moment of rest from care;
For bats come out, and fly about,
And June bugs are everywhere.

When to these, sir, owls in trees, sir,
Have added their grewsome lay,
Each pretty maid is sore afraid,
And hastily scampers away.

Shells that crinkle, and bells that tinkle,
And maidens all white and red,
Bring little luck as garden truck;—
I'd rather raise wall-flowers instead.

IF I'D AS MUCH MONEY

If I'd as much money as I could spend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend;
Old chairs to mend, old chairs to mend,
I never would cry old chairs to mend.

If I'd as much money as I could tell,
I never would cry old clothes to sell;
Old clothes to sell, old clothes to sell;
I never would cry old clothes to sell.

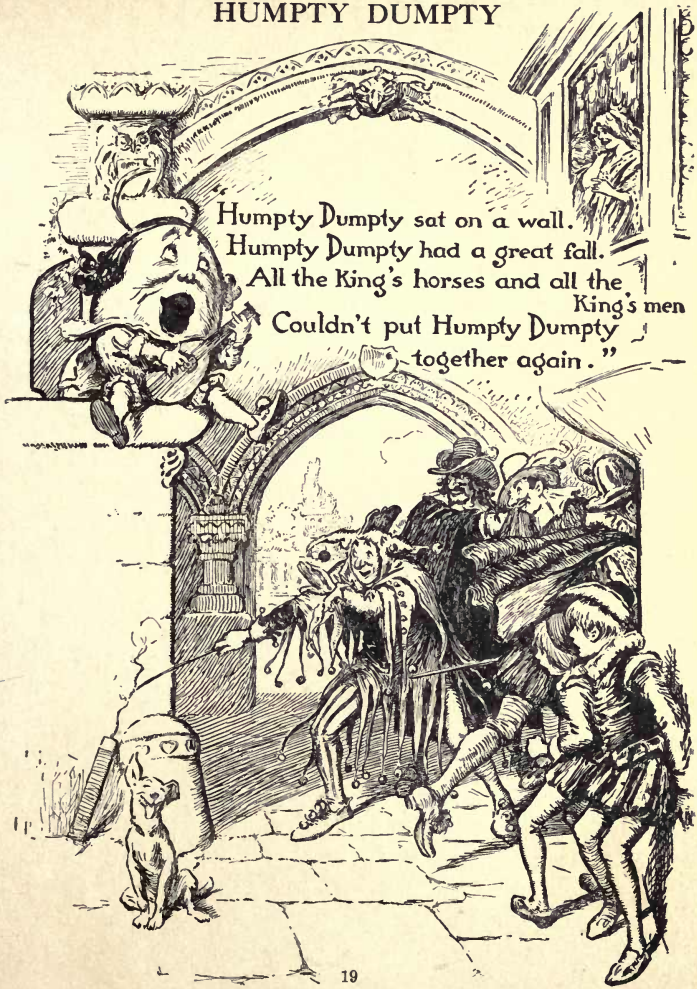
I'd settle myself in a cushioned chair,
And scatter my money as free as air,
As free as air, as free as air,
I'd scatter my money as free as air.

IF I'D AS MUCH MONEY

And when it was spent, and I had no more,
I'd do what so many have done before,
Have done before, have done before,
I'd do what so many have done before:

I'd rail for a while at my luck and then
I'd cry old chairs and old clothes again,
Old clothes again, old clothes again,
I'd cry old chairs and old clothes again.

HUMPTY DUMPTY


Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.
All the King's horses and all the
King's men
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty
together again."

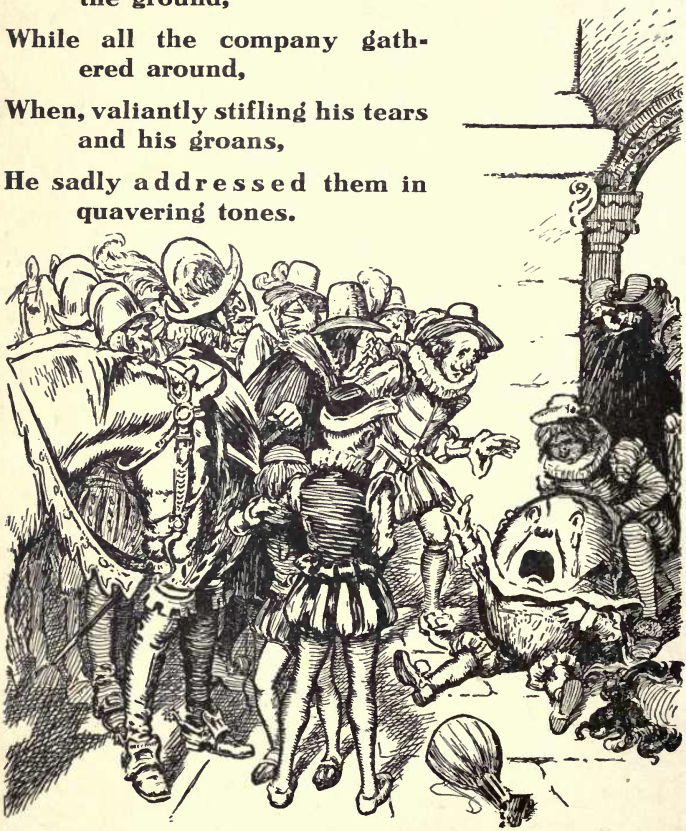
HUMPTY DUMPTY

There he lay, stretched out on the ground,

While all the company gathered around,

When, valiantly stifling his tears and his groans,

He sadly addressed them in quavering tones.



HUMPTY DUMPTY

"Friends," said Humpty, wiping his eyes,
"This sudden descent was an awful surprise,
It inclines me to think—you may laugh at my views—
That a seat that is humble is safest to choose.

"All are not fitted to sit on a wall;
Some have no balance, and some are too small.
Many have tried it, and found, as I guess,
They've ended, like me, in a terrible mess.

"Hark, you horses, and all you King's men!
Hear it, and never forget it again!
'T is those who are patient in seats that are low,
Who some day get up in high places, and crow!"

Then they took him, and put him to bed.
I hope you 'll remember the things that
he said;
For all the King's horses, and all the
King's men,
Never once thought
of his sermon
again.

OLD WOMAN IN A BASKET

There was an old woman tossed up in a basket,
Seventy times as high as the moon;
And where she was going, I couldn't but ask it,
For in her hand she carried a broom.

"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Whither, oh whither, oh whither so high?"
"To sweep the cobwebs from the sky,
But I'll be back again by and by."

I saw this old woman come down in her basket
From journeying over beyond the moon;
And what she had done there, I could not but ask it,
For still in her hand she carried her broom.
"Old woman, old woman, old woman," quoth I,
"Have you brushed all the cobwebs away from the sky?"

And while she went airily drifting away,
These were the words I heard her say:

"Look upward to-night when the star-lamps shine brightly,
No dust will you see in the tiniest ray;
And all of the cobwebs, you'll find, are swept lightly
In orderly rows in the dim Milky Way.
"If only the wind would be quiet," said she,
"How easy in future my sweeping would be!
But later he's sure to come blustering by,
And blow them again all over the sky."

LITTLE BOPEEP

Little Bopeep has lost her sheep,
And does n't know where to find them.
Leave them alone, and they 'll come home,
Bringing their tails behind them.

'T would n't be fair to tell her where
They are, for her heart 't would harden.
They 've frolicked, I know, an hour or so
In little Bopeep's own garden.

No danger assails those woolly tails,—
Oh no, so she need n't worry;
But if she would save her lilies brave,
I think she would better hurry.

LITTLE BOPEEP

The lavender beds are tramped to shreds;
They even have buried their noses,
For savory whiffs and long-drawn sniffs,
In little Bopeep's own roses.

And oh, there are some,—but here they come,
So innocent, who 'd remind them?
And one can descry with half an eye
The tails they are bringing behind them,

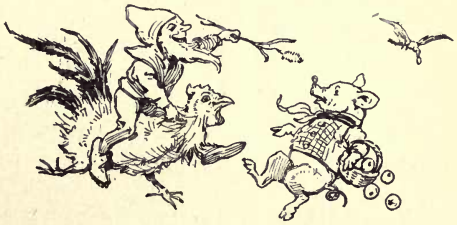
Little Bopeep, not only sheep
Will do the things I am telling.
No truant fails to bring home tails,
Though of a different spelling.

THREE WISE MEN

Three wise men of Gotham
Went to sea in a bowl.
If the bowl had been stronger,
My song had been longer.

They sailed away so blithely
Over the bounding sea;—
The thoughts of it harrow
Me e'en to my marrow!

The water was deep and fishy,
Morever 't was very cold;—
If the details distress you,
You shan't hear them, bless you!



POOR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE

Poor old Robinson Crusoe, poor old Robinson Crusoe!

They made him a coat

Of an old nanny goat,

I wonder how they could do so!

With a ring-a-ting-tang, and a ring-a-ting-tang,

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

Poor old Robinson Crusoe, poor old Robinson Crusoe!

When the cannibal crew

Desired interview

With refreshments of stew,

Said Friday would do.

I wonder how he could do so!

With a ring-a-ting-tang, and a ring-a-ting-tang,

Poor old Robinson Crusoe!

POOR OLD ROBINSON CRUSOE

Poor old Robinson Crusoe, poor old Robinson Crusoe!

When the cannibals met,

He sent a regret,

And explained never yet

Had he shocked etiquette

By dining abroad with the swell upper set

In a shabby old, furry old skin mantelet.

How clever of him that he knew so!

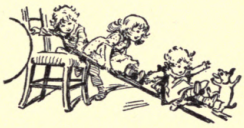
With a ring-a-ting-tang, and a ring-a-ting-tang,

Wise old Robinson Crusoe!

Three children sliding on the ice
Upon a summer's day,
It so fell out they all fell in,
The rest, they ran away.
Now had those children been at home,
Or sliding on dry ground,
Ten thousands pounds to one penny,
They had not all been drowned.

THREE CHILDREN SLIDING ON THE ICE

So, children dear, pay heed to me,
And hearken what I say:
'T is always best to stay indoors
When you go out to play.



And when you slide, keep off the ice;
When sailing, stay on shore:
'T is those who take their pleasures thus
Who live to play some more.

PETER, PETER, PUMPKIN EATER

Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and could n't keep her;
He put her in a pumpkin shell
And there he kept her very well.

Then did Peter, deep and wily,
Sit him down and chuckle slily,
Thinking with a cheerful smile
How Mrs. Peter felt the while.

"Well," said he, "I state with pleasure,
A wife that stays at home's a treasure.
If other men were bright, like me,
How many more of them there 'd be!"

THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN

There was an old woman, and what do you think,

She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink.

Victuals and drink were the chief of her diet,

And yet this old woman could never be quiet.

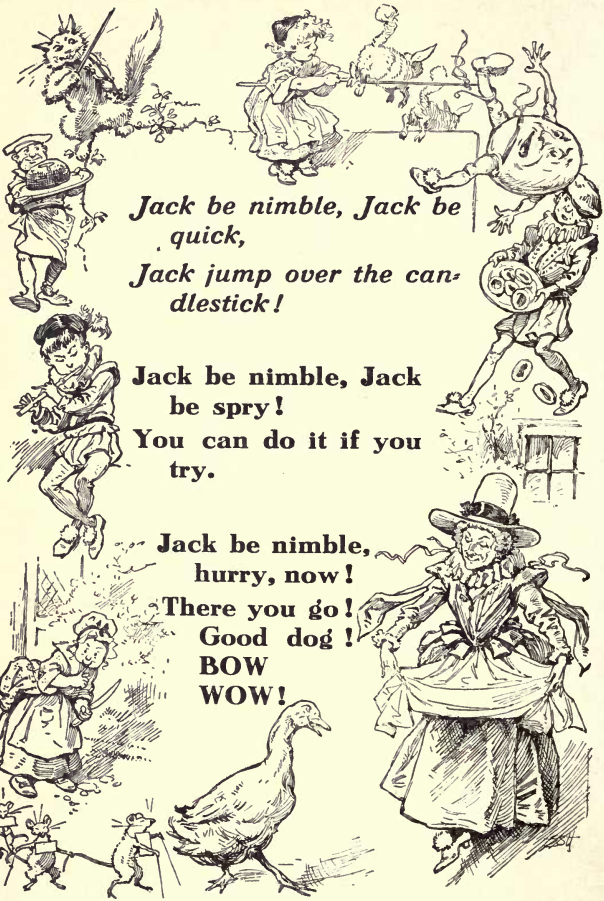
Now after she'd hustled and bustled for years,

She fell in with people with modern ideas;

She then lived on health foods and other such stuff,

And in less than a month she was quiet enough.

JACK BE NIMBLE



Jack be nimble, Jack be quick,
Jack jump over the candlestick!

Jack be nimble, Jack be spry!
You can do it if you try.

Jack be nimble, hurry, now!
There you go!
Good dog!
BOW
WOW!

COCK A DOODLE DOO!

Cock a doodle doo!
My master's lost his shoe!
My dame has lost her fiddle stick,
And knows not what to do!

Cock a doodle doo!
Just go and hunt them, you,
And bring us back the things we lack,
If you can find the clue.

Cock a doodle doo!
When things go wrong with you,
Unless you wail, who knows your ail,
Or thinks of helping you?

Cock a doodle doo!
The things I say are true.
'T is well to shout your troubles out,
And cry a loud BOO HOO!

MY BLACK HEN

Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen,
She lays eggs for gentlemen,
Sometimes nine, and sometimes ten,
Higgledy, piggledy, my black hen.

Honketty, wonketty, my gray goose
Lays eggs too large to be of use,—
The size an ostrich might produce,—
Honketty, wonketty, my gray goose.

Quacketty, wacketty, my white duck,
The eggs she lays should bring me luck
For they would fill a two-horse truck,
Quacketty, wacketty, my white duck.

Some day you 'll see me, if you go,
Exhibit at the poultry show
All these great marvels in a row,—
Oh yes, you 'll see it, if you go.

And then you 'll see how I excel,

And how the prizes come pell-mell

For these fine fowls,—and one as well

For the great big stories I can tell.

Little Boy Blue

"Little boy Blue, come blow your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.
Is this the way you mind your sheep, —
Under the haystack, fast asleep?"

Little boy Blue, awake, awake,
And see how merry your charges make!
Through field and garden their course they steer,
And the mischief they 're doing,—oh dear, oh dear!

I see them now, as they wander far,
With never a thought of a fence or bar.
I hear them laugh,—I 'm sure I do,—
As they think of the trouble they 've made for you.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

Ah, little boy Blue, this wisdom keep,
That much may happen when one is asleep;
And he who 'd harvest his field of corn
Must keep his eyes open, and blow his horn.

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN

There was a little man, and he had a little gun,

And his bullets they were made of lead, lead, lead.

He went unto the brook, and shot a little duck,

And he hit her right through the head, head, head.

Then he went home unto his wife Joan,

And bade her a good fire make, make, make,

For to roast the little duck he had shot at the brook,

While he went to fetch home the drake, drake, drake.

He took a little road that climbed a little hill,

And walked until his little legs did ache, ache, ache;

And though he kept as still as the listening whippoorwill,

He never saw a sign of any drake, drake, drake.

THERE WAS A LITTLE MAN

A little passing shower then wet him through and through,

And home he went to tell his Joan his luck, luck, luck;

And I am not astonished, no indeed I 'm not, are you ?—

That he wished he 'd been contented with the duck, duck, duck.

Sing a song o' sixpence,
Pocket full of rye;
Four-and-twenty blackbirds
Baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened
The birds began to sing,
Was not this a dainty dish
To set before the King?

The King was in his counting-house
Counting out his money;
The Queen was in the parlor
Eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden
Hanging out the clothes,
When along came a blackbird
And nipped off her nose.

SING A SONG O' SIXPENCE

Sing a song o' sixpence,
Pocket full of rye;
I know another blackbird
Baked in a pie.
The maid it was who baked it
With all her might and main,
Resolved there 'd be one blackbird
That should n 't nip again.

LITTLE MISS MUFFET

Little Miss Muffet
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey.
There came a big spider,
And sat down beside her,
Which frightened Miss Muffet away.

So great was her flurry,
She left in a hurry,
And down dropped the bowl with a crash;
While over the tuffet
Poor little Miss Muffet
Beheld her good supper go splash.

The next time Miss Muffet
Took tea on the tuffet,
A bumble bee, buzzing that way,
Grew suddenly bolder,
And perched on her shoulder,
Whereat she was filled with dismay.

And, being faint-hearted,
She promptly departed,
Bespattering over her feet
The supper delicious,
Which she, unsuspicious,
Had fully expected to eat.

"Alack," said Miss Muffet,
"Ill fortune doth buffet
The timid. Hereafter I'll be
A maiden heroic,
And sit like a stoic,
At least till I've finished my tea."

There was a fat man of Bombay,
Who sat smoking one sunshiny day,
When a bird called a snipe
Flew away with his pipe,
Which vexed the fat man of Bombay.

This very adventurous snipe
He hurried away with the pipe,
And attempted to smoke,
But it caused him to choke,
And just about finished the snipe.

JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill went up
the hill
To fetch a pail of wa-
ter.
Jack fell down and
broke his crown,
And Jill came tum-
bling after.

Down the road the water flowed,
A sight to make one shiver,
For in it flat they limply sat
Like islands in a river.

And sitting so, they saw below—
Which was n't real consoling—
The pail they 'd brought, and filled
for naught,
Far down the hill a-rolling.

Then slowly they in dire dismay
Went homeward, much dejected.
Oh dear! things will turn out so ill
When it is least expected!

MOLLIE, MY SISTER

Mollie, my sister, and I fell out,
And what do you think it was all about?
She loved coffee aad I loved tea,
And that was the reason we could n't agree.

"Coffee for breakfast to-day," said she.
"No," replied I, "we will make some tea."
Aud though for peace we were nothing loth,
We never bethought us we might have both.

"Tea for our dinner to-day," said I.
"Coffee," said Mollie, beginning to cry.
We might have drank water, and ended the spat,
But really, we 'd never a notion of that.

There was a man and he had naught,
And robbers came to rob him,
He crept up the chimney top,
And then they thought they had him.
But he got down the other side,
And then they could not find him:
He ran fourteen miles in fifteen days,
And never looked behind him.

When at last he stopped to rest,
The people gathered round him,
And asked him how it happened they
In such a state had found him.
They set him up against a tree,
And sprinkled him and fanned him;
Then gently led him on to tell
Of what had so unmanned him.

"My friends," he said, "no wealth had I,
But robbers came to steal it;
The courage I displayed that day,—
I never will reveal it.

THERE WAS A MAN AND HE HAD NAUGHT

I bravely climbed the chimney top
To warn my nearest neighbor,
And then went down the other side,—
A most prodigious labor.

And now I've travelled all this way
That I may help you catch them,
And having got the wicked rogues,
That I may soon despatch them.
Oh, well I see why riches make
So many people dizzy,
When taking care of none at all
Can keep a man so busy!"

I HAD A LITTLE HOBBY-HORSE

I had a little hobby horse, his name was Dapple-Grey,
His head was made of pea-straw, his tail was made of hay.
I sold him to an old woman for a copper groat,
And I'll not sing my song again without a new coat.

Now this old woman went to town upon a market day,
And that she might arrive in time, she rode on Dapple-Grey.
He cantered and he galloped till he fairly made her ache,
Yet strange to say, in spite of all, no progress did he make.

In wrath the poor old lady then secured him to a tree,
Beside a field in which a donkey wandered aimlessly;
And setting forth adown the road in all the dust and heat,
She went to town the good old way, upon her own two feet.

Alas, alas, poor Dapple-Grey! She scarce had turned her back
Before a crow espied the pea-straw, sticking through a crack.
"Caw, caw," said he, "a nice soft nest such straw would make, no doubt";
And taking hold with right good will, pulled all the pea-straw out.

And presently it happened that the donkey strayed that way,
"Oh my!" he brayed, "I'm sure I smell some most delicious hay!"
And stretching forth his shaggy neck above the topmost rail,
I grieve to say he gobbled up the whole of Dapple's tail.

Now what a sight was Dapple-Grey, to meet his owner's eye,
When she returned, all tired and cross, as happened by and by!
It makes me shiver when I think what dreadful things she said
About his tail, his rate of speed, his emptiness of head!

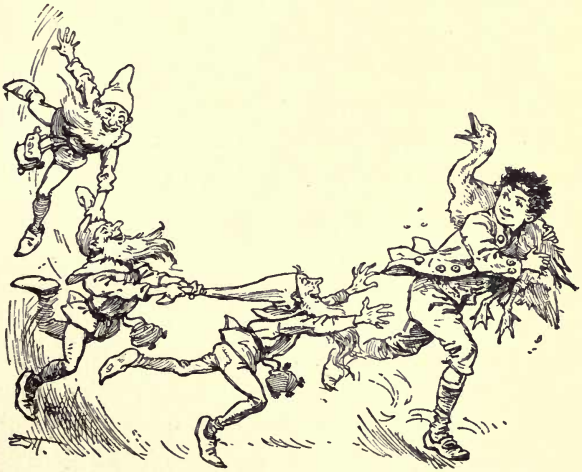
I HAD A LITTLE HOBBY-HORSE

I do not see why she should feel that she's been taken in,

Although of course I know he's not the horse he once has been.

Nor do I see why she should ask that I return that groat;—

Oh, what a doleful song is this to sing for one new coat!



THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Queen of Hearts,
she made some tarts
All on a summer's day
The Knave of Hearts, he stole those tarts
And with them ran away.
The King of Hearts called for the tarts
And beat the Knave full sore.
The Knave of Hearts brought back the tarts,
And vowed he'd steal no more.

This noble queen, with mind serene,
Then made a mammoth cake.
The naughty knave for cake did crave,
And off with it did make.
The haughty king, for punishing,
Would have him eat it all,
Which made the knave—unhappy slave—
Too sick to speak or crawl.

Next day the queen, with lofty mien,
Prepared some lovely pies.
The feeble knave side-glances gave
At them with longing eyes.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS

The cruel king, with mocking fling,
Said: "Do, now, have some pie!"
The qualmish knave, no longer brave,
Could only groan, "Not I."

Since then, at ease, their majesties
Eat pastries every day.
The knave affirms his stomach squirms,
And looks the other way.
Alas, alas, to such a pass
Doth gluttony invite!
'T is very sad to be so bad,
And lose one's appetite.

ONE MISTY, MOISTY MORNING

One misty, moisty morning
When cloudy was the weather,
I chanced to meet an old man
clothed all in leather.
He began to compliment, and I
began to grin,
How do you do, and how do
you do
And how do you do again?

This morning as I wandered
To enjoy the charming weather,
I met a man in goggles and a modern suit
of leather.
He began to toot a horn, and I began to run;
He knocked me flat, nor cared for that
And down the road he spun.

Hark, Hark, the dogs do bark!
The beggars have come to town
Some in rags, and some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns.

Hear, hear, they 're drawing near!
Just hark to the tramp of feet!
So haste about, set tables out,
And get them food to eat.

Run, run, the turkey 's done!
I hope it is nicely dressed,
For those who shirk and will not work
Are sure to want the best.

LITTLE LAD, LITTLE LAD

"Little lad, little lad,

Where were you born?"

"Far off in Lancashire under a thorn,

Where they sup buttermilk

With a ram's horn:

And a pumpkin, scooped,

With a yellow rim,

Is the bonny bowl they breakfast in."

"Little lad, little lad,

Why do you weep?"

"The low of the cattle and bleat of the sheep,—

I hear them at night when

LITTLE LAD, LITTLE LAD

I 'm going to sleep;

And the heather bloom,

With its purple dye,—

I see it at night in the western sky."

"Little lad, little lad,

Why do you smile?"

"Hill, and green valley, and far-away isle,—

They rise up before me

And linger awhile,

Like the mists that rise

In the early morn,

Far off in Lancashire, where I was born."

I had a little husband
No bigger than my thumb,
I put him in a pint-pot,
And there I bid him drum.
I bought a little handkerchief
To wipe his little nose,
And a pair of little garters
To tie his little hose.

I bought a little carriage
And took him out to ride,
And yet with all my efforts
He was n't satisfied.
I never would have married,
Now this I do declare,—
If I 'd supposed a husband
Was such an awful care.

TO BANBURY CROSS

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross

To see an old woman upon a white horse.

With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,

She shall have music wherever she goes.

Ride a cock-horse to Banbury Cross

To see this old woman go 'round on her horse.

With tinklings and jinglings what plaudits she wins,

As 'round and around past the people she spins!

Ride a cock-horse out Banbury way

To see how the old lady feels the next day.

With bandages, ointments, and plasters beside,

I think we shall find her repenting her ride.

THERE WAS A MAN IN OUR TOWN

There was a man in our town,

And he was wondrous wise.

He jumped into a bramble bush

And scratched out both his eyes.

And when he saw his eyes were out,

With all his might and main

He jumped into another bush

And scratched them in again.

This clever man then hastened on

And bought a pair of shears,

But when he tried to cut with them,

He snipped off both his ears.

And when he heard his ears were off

('T was told him o'er and o'er),

He seized the shears and snipped them back

As they had been before.

"Because," said he, "wise men like me,
Who travel round about,
And keep their eyes, and use them well,
May find some people out.
And if they also keep their ears,
And hark what hearsay brings,
They 're likewise pretty sure to hear
Some very funny things."

LADY-BIRD, LADY-BIRD

Lady-bird, lady-bird, fly away home,
Your house is on fire, your children all gone!—
All but one, and her name is Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.

Margaret ran with the bucket and pail;
Mary, whose bravery never would fail,
Caught up the dipper, and raised a great shout
That she and the dipper would soon put it out.

Elizabeth skurried like one in a craze,
A-hunting for blankets to smother the blaze;
While Katherine sprinkled some salt on the fire,
And wept when the flames mounted higher and higher.

Now where are they all who so bravely have done?
The house is on fire and the children are gone,—
All but the prudent and timorous Ann,
And she crept under the pudding-pan.

Lady-bird, lady-bird, courage, I know,
In season of danger it 's noble to show;
But oh, there are points I could tell if I tried,
In favor of knowing good places to hide.

Pussy sits beside the fire
How can she be fair?
Then comes in the little dog,
"Pussy, are you there?
So so, dear Mistress Pussy,
Pray tell me how do you do?"
"Indeed I thank you, little dog,
I'm very well just now."

"Fy, pussy, what a lazy cat,
On such a pleasant day,
To sit and drowse beside the fire
And sleep the hours away!
A self-respecting dog would think
Himself a sorry cur,
If he did nothing all day long
But fold his arms and purr!"

PUSSY SITS BESIDE THE FIRE

"Now, sir, you need n't criticise
Because I sit and blink,
For while my eyes are shut, like this,
I think, and think, and think.
And when I purr, please understand
I work with all my might,
A-humming over songs I sing
When I go out at night.

"Excuse me. Now I 'll close my eyes,
And think a little more.
On busy days like this, I show
My visitors the door.
' T is only little dogs who judge
That one must idle be,
Unless one 's chasing round and round
Or barking up a tree."

SEE SAW, SACRADOWN

See saw, sacradown,
Which is the way to Boston town?
One foot up, the other foot down,
That is the way to Boston town.

See saw, steady and slow!
Other places there are, I know,
But they are not worth the trouble, to go,
For Boston people have told me so.

BYE BABY BUNTING

Bye baby bunting, papa's gone a-hunting,
Gone to get a rabbit skin to wrap the baby bunting in.

Bye baby bunting, even now he's hunting,
Over hill and leafy dale following the rabbit's trail.

Bye baby bunting, soon he'll come from hunting
With a furry bunny skin to wrap this precious baby in.

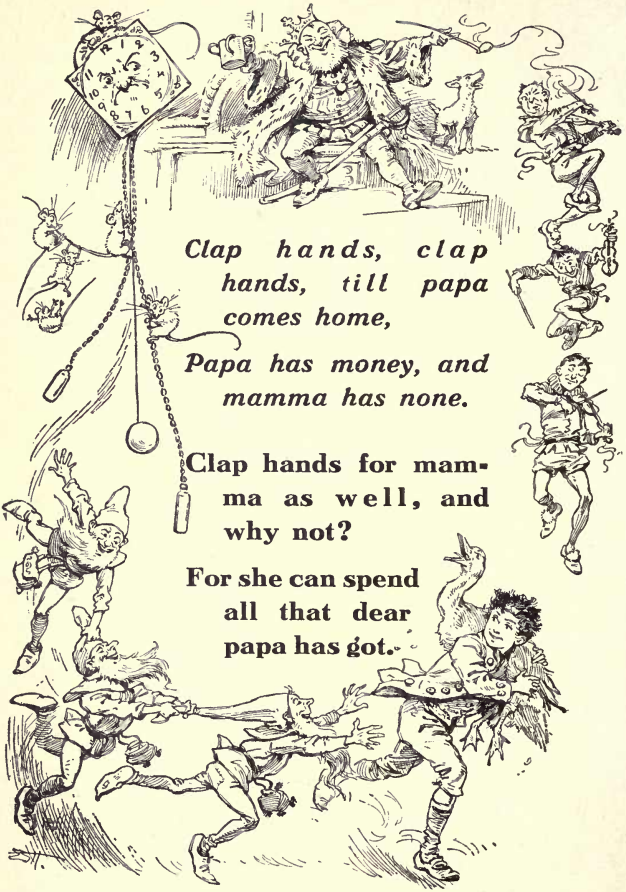
Bye baby bunting, mamma's gone a-hunting.
A seal skin she will get, I trow, but not for baby bunting, no!

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Hey diddle diddle, 't was such a fine fiddle,
And pussy made music so gay,
The donkey a jig would dance with the pig,
And so they went prancing away.

Hey diddle diddle, she still played the fiddle,
The billy-goat offered to sing,
Whereat the whole pack came scampering back,
And capered around in a ring.



Clap hands, clap hands, till papa comes home,

Papa has money, and mamma has none.

Clap hands for mamma as well, and why not?

For she can spend all that dear papa has got.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

The Lion and the Unicorn
Were fighting for the crown;
The Lion beat the Unicorn
All around the town.
Some gave them white bread,
And some gave them brown,
And some gave them plum cake,
And sent them out of town.

The road was very hot and long,
And they were bruised and sore.
In wrathful mood they plodded on,
Perhaps a mile or more.
But oh, a mile is pretty far
When one can scarcely crawl;
And there is lots of chance to think
When no one speaks at all!

At last they reached a wayside oak
Whose limbs a shelter made,
And there they sat them stiffly down
To rest beneath its shade.
Among the leaves a little breeze
Blew gently in and out;
Some way a crown began to seem
Too small to fight about.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN

The Lion broke the silence first;
"It's dinner time," he said.
The Unicorn, with dignity,
Proposed some cake and bread.
And so they cleared a level spot
And spread some papers down,
And on them set the plum cake out,
The white bread, and the brown.

The Lion hobbled to the spring,
For very dry were they;
The Unicorn limped back and forth
And shooed the flies away;
And then they sighed and settled down
Beside this banquet small,
And both agreed that maybe peace
Was better after all.

GREAT A, LITTLE A

Great A, little a, bouncing B,
The cat's in the cupboard, and she can't see.
Miaow, miaow, she can't see!

Stop, now, pussy cat, don't cry so,
For I know a secret I'll whisper low—
Sh, sh; sh, sh; I'll whisper low.

Cheer up, pussy cat, don't despair!
The jelly and doughnuts are kept in there,
Oh yes, oh yes, kept in there!

Don't you think you're a lucky cat?
I'd give seven pennies for a chance like that,
Oh my, oh my, a chance like that!

THE NORTH WIND DOTH BLOW

The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow,
And what will the robin do then, poor thing?
He 'll sit in the barn and keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing, poor thing.

But never a word of plaint will be heard
From robin, no matter how tired and cold;
For well will he know that the winter will go,
And the blossoms and greenness of spring unfold.

And when the warm sun says winter is done,
He 'll gladden us all with his cheery song;
And never will fret if the season is wet,
Or wail that the winter was hard and long.

There was a crooked man, and he went a crooked mile,

And he found a crooked sixpence beside a crooked stile;

He bought a crooked cat, which caught a crooked mouse;

And they all lived together in a little crooked house.

Now this little crooked man he led a crooked life,

And so when he got married, he got a crooked wife;

And yet, if you 'll believe me, though funny to relate,

This selfsame crooked wife of his contrived to keep him straight.

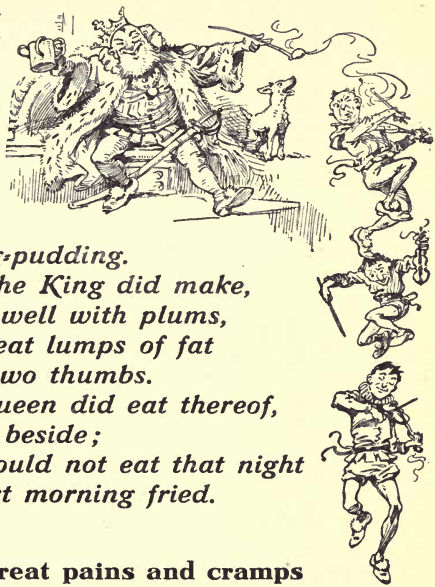
I love little pussy, her coat is so warm,
And if I don't hurt her, she 'll do me no harm.
I 'll sit by the fire and give her some food,
And pussy will love me because I am good.

I think she will like me much better this way
Than she did when I dressed her in doll's clothes one day.
She looked very nice, but her comments,—oh my!
They sounded like fireworks on Fourth of July.

I never will dress her again, that is sure,
Her scratches, you see, are not easy to cure;
And I find that it takes much more time than you 'd guess
To sew up the rents in my dolly's best dress.

I 'd give a good deal, if it was n't for that,
To see how she 'd look in my dolly's new hat.
But no, I 'll not try it. You never can tell;
And politeness is best till one's scratches get well.

GOOD KING ARTHUR



When good King
Arthur ruled
this land
He was a good-
ly king;
He stole three
pecks of barley
meal
To make a bag-pudding.
A bag-pudding the King did make,
And stuffed it well with plums,
And in it put great lumps of fat
As big as my two thumbs.
The King and Queen did eat thereof,
And noblemen beside;
And what they could not eat that night
The Queen next morning fried.

That afternoon great pains and cramps
These luckless courtiers had;
The doctor sent them all to bed,
They felt so very bad.
But when at night the King again
An invitation sent,
The courtiers all with one accord
Got out of bed and went.
Some people thought 't was indiscreet,
And wagged their heads thereat;
But life is dull, if one stays home
For little things like that.

HOW MANY MILES TO BABYLON?

How many miles to Babylon?
Three score miles and ten.
Can I get there by candlelight?
Yes, and back again.

How shall I go to Babylon?
Who will tell me true?
Oh, there are trains, and there are boats,
And automobiles, too;

And one may ride a bicycle,
Or go in a balloon;
Or one may travel on his feet
And get there 'most as soon.

For trains go off the track, you see,
And boats go down below;
And automobiles go to smash
In ways that none may know;

And tires of bicycles go pop,
Balloons will go and balk;
So taking all in all, I think
If I were you, I 'd walk.

YOUR CRADLE IS GREEN

Rock-a-bye baby, your cradle is green;
Father 's a nobleman, mother 's a queen;
And Betty 's a lady, and wears a gold ring,
And Johnny 's a drummer, and drums for the king.

Rock-a-bye baby, the cradle swings low!
Baby 's a princess, who 'll presently go
Riding away in a chariot grand,
Swinging and swaying, to Lullaby Land.

Rock-a-bye baby, the cradle swings high!
The stars are all lighted, and hung in the sky;
And all of the leaves on the branches and trees
Are gay little flags that are tossed to the breeze.

Rock-a-bye baby, swing softly and slow!
The light in the palace burns misty and low;
While through the still twilight, so dim and so gray,
A dear little princess goes riding away.

APPLE PIE

If all the world were apple pie,
And all the sea were ink,
What should we do for bread and cheese,
What should we do for drink?

Or, if the world were all ice cream,
The ocean lemonade,—
There would n't be much bread and milk
For supper, I 'm afraid;

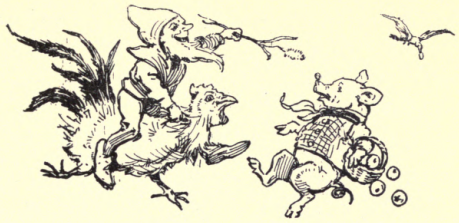
But then, one should n't fret and fume
Till trouble comes in sight.
I don't believe by supper time
I 'd have much appetite.

I 'LL TELL YOU A STORY

I 'll tell you a story
About Mary Morey,
And now my story's begun;
I 'll tell you another
About her brother,
And now my story is done.

I *could* tell you twenty,
But these two are plenty;
It 's safest to hear by degrees.
The next eighteen stories
Concerning the Moreys
Are 'most as exciting as these.

TO MARKET, TO MARKET



To market, to market, to buy a fat pig,

Home again, home again, jiggetty jig!

To market, to market, to buy a fat hog,

Home again, home again, jiggetty jog!

Now bacon and pork are unwholesome, alack!

So to market, to market, to carry them back.

To market, to market, just see how we run!

Home again, home again, marketing 's done!

DUKE OF YORK

The noble Duke of York
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up the hill one day,
Then marched them down again.

The news of this campaign
So overwhelmed the town,
The world has never ceased to hear
Of him and his renown.

And ever since that time
We 've had ambitious men
Who 've marched their forces up a hill,
And marched them down again.

WHAT ARE LITTLE GIRLS MADE OF?

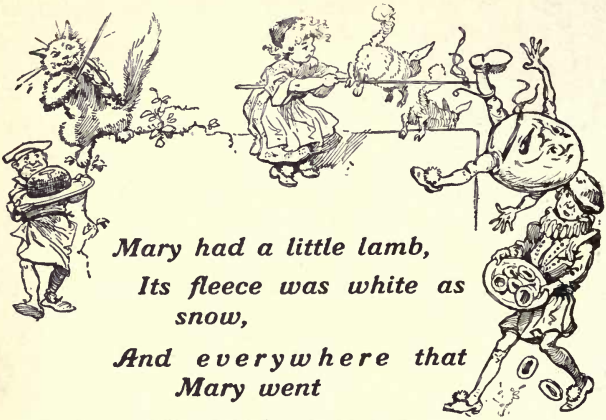
What are little girls made of, made of,
What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and everything nice,—
That's what little girls are made of.

What are little boys made of, made of,
What are little boys made of?
Snips and snails and puppy dogs' tails,—
That's what little boys are made of.

What are their mothers made of, made of,
What are their mothers made of?
Ribbons and rings, and similar things,—
That's what their mothers are made of.

What are their fathers made of, made of,
What are their fathers made of?
Dollars and dimes, and terrors,—at times—
That's what their fathers are made of.

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB



Mary had a little lamb,
Its fleece was white as snow,
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to go.

It followed her to school one day,
Which was against the rule.
It made the children laugh and play
To see a lamb at school.

And so the teacher turned him out,
But still he lingered near,
And waited patiently about
Till Mary did appear.

Time passed, and added age and strength
To Mary's little lamb,
Until that harmless, woolly pet
Became a robust ram.

And while his head grew hard as flint,
And his expression grim,
He pondered on the heartless way
The schoolma'am treated him.

Again he sought the schoolhouse door;
Again,—the vengeful creature,—
He waited patiently about,—
But this time for the teacher.

The lessons done, she sallied forth,
When, chilling her with dread,
She saw the monster in the path,
A-shaking of his head.

And then while she in dire dismay
Tugged wildly at the latch,
He charged upon her down the path
With business-like despatch.

She, now, who once had turned him out,
And thereby won renown,
Collapsed in fright as he charged on,
And turned her upside down.

And as he wandered from the scene
Where these events had passed,
He smiled to think how neatly he
Had squared accounts at last.

PAT-A-CAKE

Pat-a-cake, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
Bake me a cake as quick as you can;
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with B,
And put it in the oven for baby and me.

Hurry it, hurry it, baker's man,
Bring it to us as quick as you can!
I hope it has raisins by way of surprise,
And little black currants that look just like eyes.

Here it comes, here it comes, baby mine!
Never was cake that was half so fine;
Brown as a berry, and hot from the pan,
Thank you, oh thank you, you good baker's man!

LITTLE JACK HORNER

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

Now pie beyond question upsets the digestion;
That night such a time as he had!
One's faith it destroys when good little boys
Can feel so uncommonly bad.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

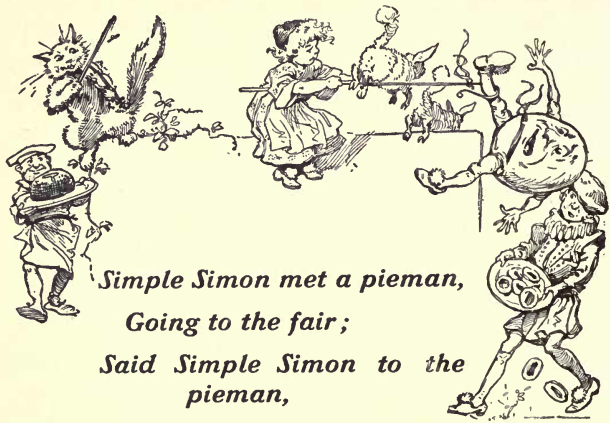
Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his night gown,
Peeping at the window, crying at the lock,
Are the babes in their beds, for it's now ten o'clock?

Wee Willie Winkie, robed all in white,
Scampers along through the darkness of night;
While the Man in the Moon from his perch watches out
To learn what the babies on earth are about.

When Wee Willie finds one in slumber's embrace,
The Man in the Moon laughs all over his face;
But when there is one who to sleep will not go,
He puckers his mouth in a sorrowful O.

If you don't believe me, just look at him when
You're wakeful your own self some evening at ten.
You'll see he's been told of the vigil you keep,
For he'll not smile again till he knows you're asleep.

SIMPLE SIMON



Simple Simon met a pieman,
Going to the fair;
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Let me taste your ware."

Said the pieman to Simple Simon,
"Show me first your penny."
Said Simple Simon to the pieman,
"Sir, I have n't any."

Simple Simon went a-fishing
For to catch a whale;
All the water he had got
Was in his mother's pail.

SIMPLE SIMON

With visions of a mighty prize
A-dangling from a string,
He fished and fished till he was tired,
But never caught a thing.

Next Simple Simon went to look
If plums grew on a thistle;
He pricked his fingers very much
Which made poor Simon whistle.

And as he sat beneath a tree
And rubbed the pricks with ointment,
"Oh dear," said Simple Simon, "life
Is full of disappointment."

THE ROSE IS RED

The rose is red, the violet blue,
Sugar is sweet, and so are you.

The first has thorns that prick, I hear,
And blues depress us all, oh dear!
The last makes acid in our veins
That gives us bad rheumatic pains;
But then, you need n't mind, you know,—
Of course it only happens so!

THE MAN IN THE MOON

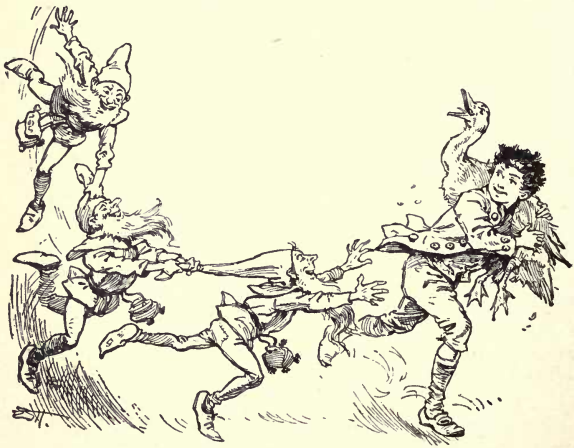
The Man in the Moon came down
too soon
To inquire the way to Norwich.
He went by the south, and burned
his mouth
With eating cold plum-porridge.

He started then to go back again,
Before he had intended,
And kept up steam on hot ice-
cream
Until the trip was ended.

HEY DIDDLE DINKETTY

Hey diddle dinketty poppety pet,
The merchants of London they wear scarlet.
Silk at the collar, and gold at the hem,
Very fine are the merchant men.

Hey diddle dinketty, poppety poo,
The merchants of our day wear black and blue.
Cloth at the collar, and cloth at the hem,
Plain, but rich, are the merchant men.



"Pussy cat, pussy cat, where have you been?"

"I've been to London, to see the Queen."

"Pussy cat, pussy cat, what did you there?"

"I frightened a little mouse under the chair."

"What did you say when you 'd made your best bow?"

"I opened my mouth and remarked *'miaow'*."

"What did the Queen say in answer to that?"

"She screamed a little, and then she said 'SCAT'!"

LITTLE TOM TUCKER

Little Tom Tucker
Sings for his supper;
What shall we give him?
White bread and butter;
How shall he cut it
Without e'er a knife?
How can he marry
Without e'er a wife?

This was what his mother said while getting Tommy's tea,

And Mother Goose wrote down the words to keep for you and me;

She must have known how much surprised we all would be to hear

About a boy who *sang* for things, for they are few, I fear!

And now perhaps you'd like to know how Tommy fared through life,

And if his bread was always cut, and if he got his wife;

And I can tell you,—yes, indeed,—no prophet need one be

To tell what good things come to him who sings to get his tea!

He grew to be a man, of course; and he was fat, I 'm sure,

For cheery folks, I have observed, are seldom thin and poor.

Both knives and forks he always had, we may be sure of that,

Or how could he have eaten things, and grown so nice and fat?

And as for getting married, that is easy to surmise,

For a man who *sings* when supper 's late would be so great a prize

That all the ladies that he knew would stand in anxious rows

For him to choose the one he 'd take,—this everybody knows.

And so from this time forward he was happy as a lark;

It could n't well be otherwise, I venture to remark.

'T is only those who fret and fume while waiting for their tea,

Whose end no person can foretell, so shocking it may be.

THERE WAS A MAID

There was a maid on Scrabble Hill,
And if not dead, she lives there still;
She grew so tall she reached the sky,
And on the moon hung clothes to dry.

The moon, however, did not stay,
But sailed, and sailed, and sailed away,
And carried off, quite out of sight,
The clothes she 'd hung to dry that night.

Next day this maid so tall and thin
Went out to take her washing in;
And how she did gaze round and stare,
To find no moon or washing there!

Then all the neighbors sniffed, and said,
"One always meets with loss, whose head
Is in the clouds"; and I am quite
Inclined to think that they were right.

MAN IN THE WILDERNESS

The man in the wilderness asked me
How many strawberries grew in the sea.
I answered him, as I thought good,
As many red herrings as grew in the wood.

The man in the wilderness scratched his head;—
"There ought to be plenty of them," he said,
"For the woods are as wide as the eye can see,
And there's room for thousands and thousands," said he.

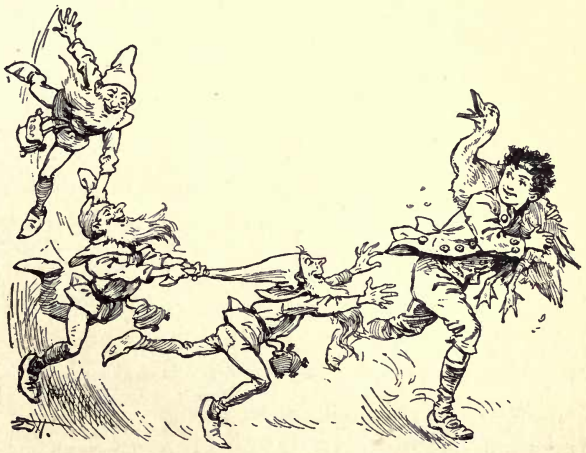
So he took a big basket, and sailed away
Across the blue billows where mermaidens play,
To search in the sea meadows high and low,
And find the place where the strawberries grow.

I wish I could tell you what luck he met,
But you see, he hasn't come back,—not yet,
Although he started so long ago
You'd never believe if I told you,—no!

MAN IN THE WILDERNESS

That 's just the trouble, it seems to me,
With going a-berrying out in the sea;—
So wide it stretches, with never a track,
And the days slip away, and you have n't come back;

While the wise ones at home eat the berries which they
Have picked in the garden the usual way,
And w a g g l e their heads 'cause your judgment was bad.
And wonder and wonder what luck you have had.



DR. FAUSTUS WAS A GOOD MAN

Dr. Faustus was a good man,
He whipped his scholars now and then;
When he whipped them, he made them dance
Out of Scotland into France,—
Out of France into Spain,
And then he whipped them back again;
And next, beginning as before,
He whipped them all around once more.

When examinations came,
He whipped and chased them just the same;
And as they kept upon the dance
Out of Scotland into France,—
Out of France into Spain,
And then all round and round again,
Their stock of learning they displayed,
And what a sorry show it made!
They could n't read, they could n't spell,
They could n't do their grammar well,
They could n't write so one could read,
Their sums were very bad indeed;
But in geography,—oh my,
They all stood very, very high!

I HAD A LITTLE DOLL

I had a little doll,
The prettiest ever seen;
She washed me the dishes,
And kept the house clean;
She went to the mill
To fetch me some flour;
She brought it home
In less than an hour;
She baked me my bread,
She brewed me my ale,
She sat by the fire, and
Told many a fine tale.

She made no complaint
At tending the door,
Nor objected to guests,
But was anxious for more.
She was willing to wash
From morn until eve,
And never announced
She was going to leave.
You want me to tell
Why she 's not here to-day?
She just spread her wings
And went soaring away!

BLOW, WIND, BLOW

Blow, wind, blow, and go, mill, go,
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And bring us some hot in the morn.

Blow, flower, blow, and go, bee, go,
And gather some honey with speed;
I hope you won't mind it,
Because I shall find it,
Oh, very delicious indeed!

Crow, cock, crow, and go, hen, go,
And lay some fresh eggs, I entreat;
I'm sorry to ask it,
But two in a basket
Would just make my breakfast complete.

Grow, grass, grow, and low, cow, low,
And bring me some milk in a cup;
If you are all working
Without any shirking,
'T will pay me, I think, to get up.

OLD MISTRESS McSHUTTLE

Old Mistress McShuttle
Lived in a coal-scuttle,
Along with her dog and her cat;
What they ate I can't tell,
But 't is known very well
That none of the party were fat.

The longer they staid,
The less they all weighed,
Until, having locked up the door,
They went walking one day,
When they all blew away,
And never were seen any more.

TOM, TOM, WAS A PIPER'S SON

Tom, Tom, was a piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young;
But all the tune that he could play
Was "Over the hills and far away."

He played it loud, he played it low,
He played it fast, he played it slow,
He played it all day until 't was night,
And kept right on till morning's light.

And so the neighbors used to meet
And tell in whispers most discreet
How glad they 'd be, if pretty soon
He 'd take example from his tune,
And stay from then till Judgment Day
"Over the hills and far away."

BOW, WOW, WOW!

Bow, wow, wow!
Whose dog art thou?
I'm Tommy Tinker's dog,—
Bow, wow, wow!

Mew, mew, mew!
Whose cat are you?
I'm Tommy Tinker's cat,—
Mew, mew, mew!

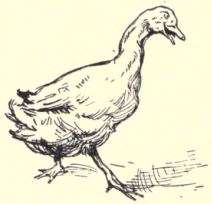
Ss, ss, ss!
Whose goose is this?
I'm Tommy Tinker's goose,—
Ss, ss, ss!

So these are Tommy Tinker's pets
All standing here, no doubt,
To wait with patience near the door
For Tommy to come out.

BOW, WOW, WOW!

And this is Tommy Tinker
With a cooky in his hand,
Which he will eat outside the door,—
At least, he so has planned.

With joy these three expectant pets
To meet dear Tommy fly;
And where is Tommy's cooky gone?
And why does Tommy cry?



COCK ROBIN GOT UP EARLY

Cock Robin got up early
At the break of day,
And went to Jenny's window
To sing a roundelay.

He sang Cock Robin's love
To the pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he got unto the end,
Then he began again.

And though at first she giggled
And tossed her pretty head,
Yet all the while she listened
To what Cock Robin said.

COCK ROBIN GOT UP EARLY

And pretty soon the window
Swung out an inch—or less—
And down a little note dropped,
Which told Cock Robin, yes.

Now all this goes to show you
That he who 'd win the day
Must get up very early,
And boldly say his say;
And when he 's through, begin again,
Like Robin's roundelay.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY TAILORS

Four-and-twenty tailors went to kill a snail;
The bravest man amongst them durst not touch her tail;
She put out her horns like a little Kyloe cow,—
Run, tailors, run, or she 'll kill you all e'en now!

The four-and-twenty tailors then went to catch a frog,
But he looked so very fierce and green, perched up upon a log,
That all of them turned quickly round and scampered from the spot,
And never once looked back to see if he gave chase or not.

These four-and-twenty tailors, on hunting still intent,
Decided next to catch a mouse, so to the cellar went;
But my, it looked so very dark,—just like an ogre's den—
They changed their minds with one accord, and hurried out again.

To calm their n e r v e s they then sat down beneath a spreading tree,

And all agreed that h u n t i n g was n't what 't was famed to be;

"Because," said they, "t h o u g h you may catch the beast you hunt, 't is true,

Yet where 's the fun in hunting, if perchance he catches you?

THREE YOUNG RATS

Three young rats with black felt hats,
Three young ducks with new straw flats,
Three young dogs with curling tails,
Three young cats with demi-veils,
Went out to walk with two young pigs
In satin vests and sorrel wigs;
But suddenly it chanced to rain,
And so they all went home again.

The rats now donned their rubber boots,
The ducks put on their rubber suits,
The dogs, arrayed in mackintoshes,
Advised the cats to wear galoshes;
The pigs umbrellas took, and so
They all set out once more to go;
But then the sun came out, alack,
Which caused them all to hurry back.

So now they 've all agreed that they
From this time forth at home will stay;
It 's too much trouble altogether
To dress according to the weather.

MISS MACKAY

Alas! alas! for Miss Mackay!
Her knives and forks have run away;
And when the cups and spoons are going,
She 's sure there 's no way of knowing.

Her plates have also gone, I hear,
And all the saucers, too,—oh dear!
And after them, with noise and clatter,
The soup tureen and turkey platter.

Poor Miss Mackay! I do declare
Her table will be pretty bare!
Still, on the whole, it 's foolish grieving
Because such things as these are leaving.

Sometimes, though much against my wishes,
I 'm set to work to wash the dishes;
And then indeed no tongue can say
How much I envy Miss Mackay!

ONCE I SAW A LITTLE BIRD

Once I saw a little bird
Come hop, hop, hop;
So I cried, Little bird,
Will you stop, stop, stop?
And was going to the window
To say, How do you do
But he shook his little tail,
And far away he flew.

Then I saw a butterfly
So gay, gay, gay,
And I cried, Butterfly,
Won't you stay, stay, stay?
But the butterfly went rambling
The whole wide garden through,
And presently sailed lightly off,
And soon was lost to view.

Next I heard a little bee
Say, Hum, hum, hum!
And I cried, Little bee,
Will you come, come, come?
And he seemed to be quite willing,
And came to see me then;
But I'll never, never, ask a bee
To call on me again!

OLD MAN OF TOBAGO

There was an old man
of Tobago,

Who l i v e d on rice,
gruel and sago,

Till, m u c h to his
bliss,

His physician said
this:

To a leg, sir, of mutton
you may go.

He ate it, alas, with much
gusto,

He was soon feeling far
from robust-o;

And then, though 't was
cruel,

He went back to gruel,

Whereupon he got better,
—I trust-o!

NOTHING-AT-ALL

There was an old woman called Nothing-at-all,
Who lived in a dwelling exceedingly small;
A man stretched his mouth to its widest extent,
And down at one gulp house and old woman went.

Then all of the neighbors arrived on the run
To learn what had happened, and how it was done;
And they all told, as loud as their voices could ring,
How horrid he was who would do such a thing.

Oh, they shouted and clamored, explaining how they
Would punish a person who'd act in this way;
And they flourished their arms, and they paced up and down,
Till the racket and hubbub alarmed the whole town.

The dogs they all barked, and the babies all cried,

NOTHING-AT-ALL

The kittens miaowed, and the puppies ki-yied,
The chickens all cackled, the mooly cows mooed,
The ducks said, Quack, quack, and the children boo-hooed.

Now of course all this noise didn't do any good,—
Nobody even supposed that it would;
But it *is* such a comfort to sputter and bawl
And make a big fuss over nothing at all!

THE COCK DOTH CROW

The cock doth crow
To let you know,
If you be wise,
'T is time to rise.

The foolish bird!
He has n't heard
How those who know
Prefer to go
To sleep again,
And lie till ten,
Or even doze
Till morning's close.
Just hear the bee,
How drowsily
He hums about,
Because, no doubt,
That horrid cock,
With sudden shock,
Disturbed his rest.
So doth protest
The willow tree,
Who weeps to see

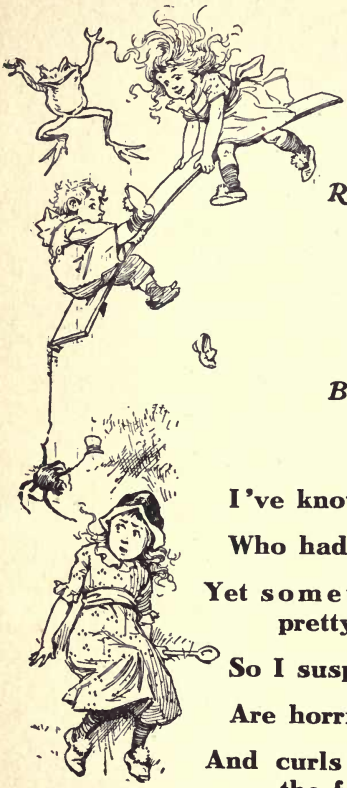
THE COCK DOTH CROW

The morning break,
Because 't will wake
The cock, who tries
To make us rise.
No, no, vain bird,
It 's quite absurd
To clamor so,
And crow and crow,
And think your fuss
Can swindle us,
And make us glad
To join the sad,
Misguided few,
Who rise with you!

WAS EVER HEARD SUCH NOISE AND CLAMOR?

Was ever heard such noise and clamor?
The hatchet's jealous of the hammer;
The auger shouts that more and more
The gimlet gets to be a bore;
The mallet says it's plain to see
The crowbar's dull as dull can be;
The tongs affirms he'd never blow
The way the bellows does,—no, no!
Apparently they've all forgot
They've faults themselves as like as not;
But then, how foolish it would be
To air one's own in company,
When other folks', beyond a doubt,
Are lots more fun to talk about!

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL



There was a little girl,

And she had a little curl

Right in the middle of her forehead;

When she was good

She was very, very good,

But when she was bad, she was horrid.

I've known some other girls

Who hadn't any curls,

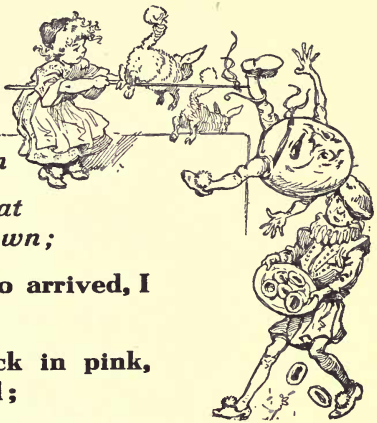
Yet sometimes even they were pretty horrid;

So I suspect that they

Are horrid any way,

And curls deceitful things upon the forehead.

DAFFY-DOWN-DILLY



Daffy-down-dilly has
come up to town

In a yellow petticoat
and a green gown;

Miss Crocus has also arrived, I
am told,

As gay as a peacock in pink,
white, and gold;

And while you were sleeping
so soundly last night,

Came dainty Miss Snowdrop,
arrayed all in white.

How did I hear all the news?—
Why, you see,

A note from the robin just
brought it to me.

BURNIE BEE

Burnie bee, burnie bee,
Tell me when 'll your wedding be;
If it be to-morrow day,
Take your wings and fly away.

Fly so far that none can see
Where you 're hiding, burnie bee;
It is n't just the thing to shirk,
But weddings bring a lot of work,—
Tarts to mold, and cake to make,
Tea to brew, and bread to bake,
Sugar plums to mix, beside,
And portly doughnuts to be fried;
Then there 'll be the house to sweep
While other folks are still asleep,
Things to scour, and things to clean,
With scrubbing sandwiched in between.

Burnie bee, burnie bee,
If ever I that day should see,
I 'll run away the week before,
And stay until the wedding 's o'er.

LITTLE QUEEN PIPPIN

Little Queen Pippin
once built a
hotel,

How long and how
high, I'm sure
I can't tell;

The walls were of sugar, as white
as the snow,

And jujube windows were placed
in a row;

The columns were candy, and
all very tall,

And a roof of choice cakes was
spread over all.

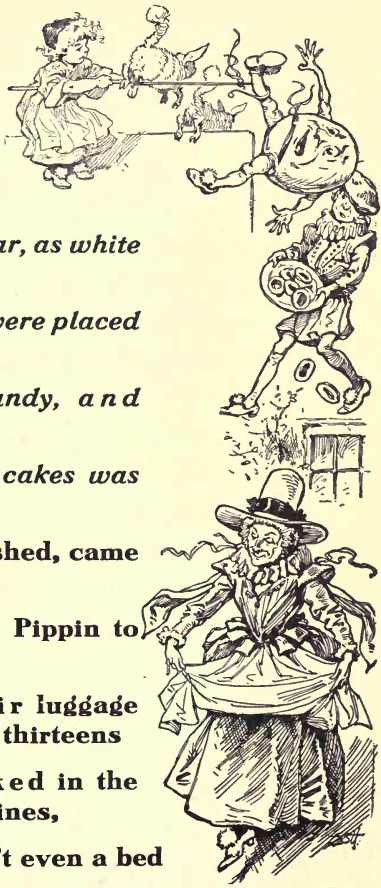
Now when it was finished, came
many a mile

The friends of Queen Pippin to
visit a while.

They came with their luggage
by twelves and thirteens

Until they were packed in the
rooms like sardines,

And the Queen had n't even a bed
of her own,



So had to sit up the whole night on her throne.

'T was just at this juncture, as I should explain,

The sky became dark, and a torrent of rain

Descended in floods upon moorland and fell,

And likewise on little Queen Pippin's hotel.

Dear me! 'T was n't built for bad weather, you see,

And so before long 't was as damp as could be.

The longer it rained, the more slushy it got,

Until it 's a fact that there was n't a spot

Where a person could stand without wetting his feet,

Or a place to sit down when one needed to eat.

Such dampness of course will produce many ills,

So the guests before long all had fevers and chills,

And they all grew rheumatic, and all got the grip,

Then sputtered because they got wet from the drip.

Some had the earache, some, cold in the head,

And all of them vowed they were pretty near dead;

Till at last, though such manners one scarce can conceive,

They all lost their tempers and said they would leave.

Accordingly, therefore, they promptly arose,

And, very much quicker than you would suppose,

They packed up their things, and with visages wry

Bade little Queen Pippin a hasty good-bye.

LITTLE KING BOGGEN

Little King Boggen, he built a fine hall,
Pie crust and pastry crust, that was the wall;
The windows were made of black puddings and white,
And slated with pancakes,—you ne'er saw the like.

Of fresh maple sugar the chimneys were made,
Each brick in the whitest of cream candy laid;
Of cake were the doorways, the stairways of cheese,
And oh, there were dozens and dozens of these!

Now little King Boggen, he gave a grand ball,
Inviting the courtiers, the neighbors, and all;
And every one came, all in tinsel and gilt,
To see the fine palace King Boggen had built.

In wide-open-mouthed admiration they gazed
At this wonderful structure King Boggen had raised,

Then slyly picked off, with a finger and thumb,
For the tiniest taste, just a wee little crumb!

It *was* so delicious, they tasted again;
Of stairs, walls, and chimneys they tasted,—and then
They just helped themselves to a little bit more,—
A slice from a window, a piece from a door.

I blush to relate it,—'t was most impolite,—
At last they just gobbled with all of their might;
They ate, and they ate, from wall, door-frame, and sash,
Until the whole palace fell down with a crash!

Little King Boggen, in crumbs to his neck,
Crept slowly and painfully out of the wreck.
"Well," he said grimly, "they 'll all know it when
Such pigs are invited to my house again."

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

"What's the news of the day,
Good neighbor, I pray?"
"They say the balloon
Has gone up to the moon,"
To carry with care
To the Man, who lives there,
A cargo of urns
Full of ointment for burns.

For long, long ago,
As you probably know,
A blister he got
From pie that was hot.
And ever since then,
Like most other men,
Who bear with ill grace
And a very long face
Their pains and their aches,
Such a fuss as he makes!
His mouth is a sight,

All twisted up tight,
And his brows are drawn down
In a woebegone frown,
Just to let us all know
He is suffering so.

I hope the balloon
Will arrive pretty soon
With his cargo of urns
Full of ointment for burns,
For undoubtedly then
He 'll look pleasant again.
And gazing some night
When the moon 's shining bright,
I 'm sure that you 'll see,
As plain as can be,
A smile which appears
To pass under his ears,
And even, you 'll find,
Comes together behind.

TOMMY SNOOKS AND BESSY BROOKS

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Said Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"To-morrow will be Monday."

As Tommy Snooks and Bessy Brooks
Went strolling on together,
Said Tommy Snooks to Bessy Brooks,
"This *is* such charming weather."

Then Bessy Brooks to Tommy Snooks
Replied with admiration,
"You clever boy, I so enjoy
Your brilliant conversation!"

TAFFY WAS A WELSHMAN

Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a piece of beef.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was n't home;
Taffy came to my house,
And stole a marrow bone.
I went to Taffy's house,
Taffy was in bed;
I took the marrow bone,
And flung it at his head.

Now I 'm mad at Taffy,
And he is mad at me;
In fact both he and I are
As cross as cross can be;
For Taffy was n't honest,—
Which surely is n't right,—
And he,—would you believe it?—
Says *I* was impolite!

DEAR SENSIBILITY

Dear Sensibility, O la!
I heard a little lamb cry baa!
Said I, "So you have lost mamma?"
"Baa!"

The little lamb, as I said so,
Frisking about the fields did go,
And frisking, trod upon my toe.
"Oh!"

Dear me! I see him coming now
With playful smile and guileless brow,
To frisk some more,—I well know how,—
"Ow!"

You waggish lamb, if you are through
A-making me all black and blue,
I'll gladly bid farewell to you!
"SHOO!"

GEORGIE PORGIE

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry;
When the girls came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

Georgie Porgie thought 't was fun
To make the bears and lions run;
The turkey gobbler strutted by,
So Georgie did n't stop to try.

He sallied out the darkest night
To give some robber chief a fright;
A snapping twig made such a crack
That Georgie Porgie hurried back.

Some day his name in books you 'll read;
A boy, I 'm very sure indeed,
Who faces dangers like these three,
Deserves a place in history.

A CAT CAME FIDDLING

A cat came fiddling out of a barn

With a pair of bag-pipes under her arm;

She could sing nothing but "Fiddle-cum-fee,

The mouse has married the bumblebee."

Pipe, cat,—dance, mouse;

We'll have a wedding at our good house.

Then came a dog with a big bass drum;

"Boom, boom," he played, "you must all of you come.

There will be dancing and feasting till ten,

And then they'll begin it all over again!"

Dance, mouse,—pipe, cat;

Never a wedding was gayer than that.

The mouse came next with the bumblebee.
"Oh ho," they laughed, "Oh ho, tee-hee!
He who would reckon his pleasures so fast
Must never delay till the wedding is past!"
Dance, mouse,—pipe, cat;
Never a sermon was truer than that!

A LITTLE BOY WENT INTO A BARN

A little boy went into a barn
And lay down on some hay;
An owl came out and flew about,
And the little boy ran away.

He 'd not gone far when he thought he heard
Some most peculiar squeals;
'T was only a mouse beneath the house,
But again he took to his heels.

He 'd paused for breath when a duck came by,
And suddenly said "Quack, quack!"
So on he flew for a mile or two,
And never took time to look back.

Then the owl, and the mouse, and the duck, they laughed
Till their sides did fairly ache,
For 't was funny indeed to see what speed
That poor little boy could make.

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